LONGAND

LUXURIO



SATURDAY AUGUST 7, 1909.

Dicksie stood seemingly helpless. Mc Cloud slipped his finger into his waistcoat pocket and held something out in his hand. "This shell pin fell from your hair that night you were at camp by the bridge-do you remember? couldn't bear to give it back."

Dicksie's eyes opened wide. "Let me see it. I don't think that is mine." "Great heaven! Have I been carrying Marion Sinclair's pin for a her, at any rate."

"Where are you going?" Dicksie's voice was faint.

"I'm going to give Marion her pin." "Do nothing of the sort! Come here! Give it to me."

shock like that, it really is your pin? "Oh, I don't know whose pin it is!

"Why, what is the matter? "Give me the pin!" She put her hands unsteadily up under her hat. "Here, for heaven's sake, if you must have something, take this comb!" She slipped from her head the shell that held her knotted hair. He caught her hand and kissed it, and she could not get it away.

You are dear," murmured Dickste. "if you are silly. The reason I wouldn't let you ride home with me is his own, and, bending, kissed it. because I was afraid you might get feel if you were killed? Or, don't you think I have any feeling?"

"But, Dicksie, is it all right?" "How do I know? What do you I will not let you ride home with me, and you will not let me ride home alone. Tie Jim again. I am going to stay with Marion all night,"

CHAPTER XXX.

The Laugh of a Woman.

Within an hour, Marion, working over a hat in the trimming room, was startled to hear the cottage door open and to see Dicksie quie unconcernedly walk in. To Marion's exclamation of surprise she returned only a laugh. "I have changed my mind, dear. I am going to stay all night."

Marion kissed her approvingly. Really, you are getting so sensible I shan't know you, Dicksie. In fact, I you were ever guilty of."

"Glad you think so," returned Dicksie, dryly, unpinning her hat; "certainly hope it is. Mr. McCloud persnaded me it wasn't right for me to than he what danger there was for him in riding home with me-so here I am. He is coming over for supper, too, in a few minutes."

When McCloud arrived he brought with him a porterhouse steak, and Marion was again driven from the kitchen. At the end of an hour, Dickputting the finishing touches to the steak, and McCloud, more engrossed, and surprised-looking person appeared in the kitchen doorway and put his you engaged to Dicksie." hand undecidedly on the casing. While he stood. Dicksie turned abruptly to McCloud.

"Oh, by the way, I have forgotten something! Will you do me a favor?" "Certainly! Do you want money or

"No, not money," said Dicksle, lifting the steak on her fork, "though you might give me a pass." "But I should hate to have you go

away anywhere-" "I don't want to go anywhere, but I

never had a pass, and I think it would be kind of nice to have one just to keep. Don't you?" "Why, yes; you might put it in the

bank and have it drawing interest." "This steak is-Do they give interest on passes?" "Well, a good deal of interest is felt

in them-on this division at least. What is the favor?" "Yes, what is it? How can I think?

Oh, I know! If they don't put Jim in a box stall to night he will kill some of the horses over there. Will you telephone the stables?"

"Won't you give me the number and let me telephone?" asked a voice behind them. They turned in astonishment and saw Whispering Smith. "I am surprised," he added, calmly, "to see a man of your intelligence, George, trying to broll a steak with the lower door of your stove wide open. Close the lower door and cut out the draft through the fire. Don't stare, George; put back the broller And haven't you made a radical mistake to start with?" he asked, stepping between the confused couple. 'Are you not trying to broil a roast of

"Where did you come from?" demanded McCloud, as Marion came in from the dining room.

"Don't search me the very first thing," protested Whispering Smith. "But we've been frightened to death here for 24 hours. Are you really alive and unhurt? This young lady rode in 20 miles this morning and came to the office in tears to get news of you."

Smith looked mildly at Dicksie. "Did you shed a tear for me? I should like to have seen just one! Where did I come from? I reported in wild over the telephone ten minutes ago. Didn't Marion tell you? She is so forgetful. That is what causes wrecks, Marion. I have been in the saddle since three o'clock this morning, thank you, and have had nothing for five days but raw steer garnished with sunshine."

The four sat down to supper, and Whispering Smith began to talk. He told the story of the chase to the Cache, the defiance from Rebstock, and the tardy appearance of the men be wanted. "Du Sang meant to shoot his way through us and make a dash for it. There really was nothing else for him to do. Banks and Kennedy were up above, even if he could have ridden out through the upper canyon. which is very doubtful with all the water now. After a little talk back and forth, Du Sang drew, and of course then it was every man for himself. He was hit twice and he died

Sunday night, but the other two were not seriously hurt. What can you do? It is either kill or get killed with those fellows, and, of course, I talked plainly to Du Sang. He had butchered a man at Mission Springs just the night before, and deserved hanging a dozen times over. He meant from the start, he told me afterward, to get me. Oh, Miss Dunning, may I have some more coffee? Haven't I an agreeable part of the railroad business, don't you think? I shouldn't have pushed in here to-night, but I saw the lights when I rode by awhile ago; they looked so good I couldn't resist."

McCloud leaned forward. "You call it pushing in, do you, Gordon? Do you know what this young lady did month?" exclaimed McCloud. "Well, I this morning? One of her cowboys won't lose any time in returning it to came down from the Cache early with the word that you had been killed in the fight by Du Saug. He said he saw you drop from your saddle to the ground with Du Sang shooting at you. She ordered up her horse, without a word, and rode 20 miles in an hour Dicksle, dare you tell me, after a and a half to find out here what we had heard. She 'pushed in' at the Wicking, where she never had been before in her life, and wandered through it alone looking for my office, to find out from me whether I hadn't something to contradict the bad news While we talked, in came your dispatch from Sleepy Cat. Never was one better timed! And when she knew you were safe her eyes filled again."

Whispering Smith looked at Dicksie quizzically. Her confusion was delightful. He rose, lifted her hand in

They talked till late, and when shot. How do you suppose I should Dicksie walked on the porch McCloud followed to smoke. Whispering Smith still sat at the table talking to Marion, and the two heard the sound of the low voices outside. At intervals Dicksle's laugh came in through the open

Whispering Smith, listening, said nothing for some time, but once she laughed peculiarly. He pricked up his ears. "What has been happening since

"What do you mean?" asked Marion Sinclair

He nodded toward the porch. "Mc Cloud and Dicksie out there. They have been fixing things up."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?" "I mean they are engaged."

"Never in the world! "I may be slow in reading a trail," said Smith, modestly, "but when a woman laughs like that I think there's something doing. Don't you believe believe this is the most sensible thing | it? Call them in and ask them. You won't? Well, I will. Take them in separate rooms. You ask her and I'll

In spite of Marion's protests the two were brought in. "I am required by ride home alone, and I knew better Mr. Smith to ask you a very silly question, Dicksie," said Marion, taking her into the living room. "Answer yes or no. Are you engaged to anybody? What a question! Why, no!

"Marion Sinclair wants to know just one thing, George," said Whispering Smith to McCloud, after he had taken him into the dark shop. "She feels sie, engrossed over the broiler, was she ought to know because she is in a way Dicksie's chaperone, you know, and she feels that you are willing she was watching her, when a diffident should know. I don't want to be too serious, but answer yes or no. Are

"Why, yes. I-" "That's all; go back to the porch," directed Whispering Smith. McCloud obeyed orders.

Marion, alone in the living room was waiting for the inquisitor, and her face wore a look of triumph. "You are not such a mind-reader after all, are you? I told you they weren't." "I told you they were," contended Whispering Smith.

"She says they are not," insisted

"He says they are," returned Whispering Smith. "And, what's more, I'll bet my saddle against the shop they are. I could be mistaken in any thing but that laugh."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Midnight Visit.

The lights, but one, were out. Mc Cloud and Whispering Smith had gone, and Marion was locking up the house for the night, when she was halted by a knock at the shop door. It was a summons that she thought she knew, but the last in the world that she wanted to hear or to answer. Dicksie had gone to the bedroom, and standing between the portieres that curtained the workroom from the shop, Marion in the half-light listened, hesitating whether to ignore or to answer the midnight intruder. But experience, and bitter experience, had taught her there was only one way to meet that particular summons, and that was to act, whether at noon or at midnight, without fear. She waited until the knocking had been twice repeated, turned up the light, and going to the door drew the bolt; Sinclair stood before her, and she drew back for him to enter. "Dicksie Dunning is with me to-night," said Marion, with her hand on the latch, "and we shall have to talk here."

Sinclair took off his hat. "I knew you had company," he returned in the low, gentle tone that Marion knew very well, "so I came late. And I heard to-night, for the first time, that this railroad crowd is after me-God knows why; but they have to earn their salary somehow. I want to keep out of trouble if I can. I won't kill anybody if they don't force me to it. They've scared nearly all my men away from the ranch already; one crippled-up cowboy is all I have got to help me look after the cattle. But I won't quarrel with them, Marion, if I can get away from here peaceably, so I've come to talk it over once more with you. I'm going away and I want you to go with me; I've got enough to keep us as well as the best of them and as long as we live. You've given me a good lesson. I needed it.

"Don't call me toat:" He laughed kindly. "Why, that's what it used to be; that's what I want it to be again. I don't blame you. You're worth all the women I ever knew, Marion. I've learned to appreciate some few things in the lonely months I've spent up on the Frenchman; but I've feit while I was there as if I were working for both of kill us-every one!" us. I've got a buyer in sight now for the cattle and the land. I'm ready to clean up and say good-by to trouble -all I want is for you to give me the one chance I've asked for and go

along." They stood facing each other under the dim light. She listened intently to every word, though in her terror she might not have heard or under stood all of them. One thing she did very clearly understand, and that was why he had come and what he wanted. To that she held her mind tenaciously, and for that she shaped her answer.

"I cannot go with you-now or ever." He waited a moment. "We always got along, Marion, when I behaved my-

"I hope you always will behave yourself; but I could no more go with you than I could make myself again what I was years ago, Murray. I wish you nothing but good; but our ways

parted long ago." "Stop and think a minute, Marion I offer you more and offer it more honestly than I ever offered it before because I know myself better. I am alone in the world-strong, and better able to care for you than I was when I undertook to-

"I have never complained." "That's what makes me more anxious to show you now that I can and will do what's right."

"Oh, you multiply words! It is too late for you to be here. You are in danger, you say; for the love of heaven, leave me and go away!"

"You know me, Marion, when my mind is made up. I won't leave with out you." He leaned with one hand against the ribbon showcase. "If you don't want to go I will stay right here and pay off the scores I owe. Two men here have stirred this country up too long, anyway. I don't care much how soon anybody gets me after round them up. But to-night I felt like this: You and I started out in life together, and we ought to live it out or die together, whether it's tonight, Marion, or 20 years from to-

"If you want to kill me to-night, I have no resistance to make."

Sinclair sat down on a low counter stool, and, bending forward, held his head between his hands. "It oughtn's all to end here. I know you, and know you want to do what's right. I couldn't kill you without killing my self; you know that." He straight ened up slowly. "Here!" He slipped his revolver from his hip-holster and held the grip of the gun toward her. "Use it on me if you want to. It is your chance to end everything; it may save several lives if you do. I won't leave McCloud here to crow over me, and, by God, I won't leave you here for Whispering Smith! I'll settle with him anyhow. Take the pistol! What are you afraid of? Take it! Use it! I don't want to live without you. If you make me do it, you're to blame for the consequences.

She stood with wide-open eyes, but uttered no word. "You won't touch it-then you care

a little for me yet," he murmured. "No! Do not say so. But I will not do murder.' "Think about the other, then. Go

with me and everything will be all right. I will come back some evening soon for my answer. And until then if those two men have any use for life



"Here! Use It on Me!"

let them keep in the clear. I heard to-night that Du Sang is killed. Do you know whether it is true?"

"It is true." An oath half escaping showed how the confirmation cut him. "And Whispering Smith got away! It is Du Sang's own fault; I told him to keep out of that trap. I stay in the open; and I'm not Du Sang. I'll choose my own ground for the finish when they want it with me, and when I go I'll take company-I'll promise you that. Good-night, Marion. Will you shake hands?"

"Damn it, I like your grit, girl! Well, good-night, anyway."

She closed the door. She had even strength enough to bolt it before his footsteps died away. She put out the light and felt her way blindly back to the workroom. She staggered through it, clutching at the curtains, and fell in the darkness into Dicksie's arms.

"Marion, dear, don't speak," Dicksie whispered. "I heard everything. Oh, Marion!" she cried, suddenly con-

sclous of the inertness of the burden in her arms, "Oh, what shall I do?" Moved by fright to her utmost strength, Dicksie drews the unconscious woman back to her room and managed to lay her on the bed. Marion orened her eyes a few minutes later to see the lights burning, to hear the relephone best ringing, and to fin-The kale on the edge of the bed besid

Oh, Marion, thork heaven, you eviving! I have been fright and

death. Don't mind the telephone; it is Mr. McCloud. I didn't know what to do, se I telephoned him." "But you had better answer him,"

said Marion, faintly. The telephone bell was ringing wildly. "Oh, no! he can wait. How are you, dear? I don't wonder you were fright-

ened to death. Marion, he means to "No. Dicksie. He will kill me and kill himself; that is where it will end. Dicksie, do answer the telephone.

What are you thinking of? Mr. McCloud will be at the door in five ninutes. Do you want him in the street to-night? Dicksie fled to the telephone, and

an excited conference over the wire closed in seeming reassurance at both ends. By that time Marion had regained her steadiness, but she could not talk of what had passed. At times, as the two lay together in the darkness, Marion spoke, but it was not to be answered. "I do not know," she murmured once wearily. "Perhaps 1 am doing wrong; perhaps I ought to go with him. I wish, oh, I wish I knew what I ought to do!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Call.

Beyond receiving reports from Kennedy and Banks, who in the interval ode into town and rode out again on their separate and silent ways. Whispering Smith for two days seemed to do nothing. Yet thatinct keener than stience kept the people of Medicine Bend on edge during those two days, and when President Bucks' car came in on the evening of the second day, the town knew from current rumors that Banks had gone to the Frenchman ranch with a warrant on a serious charge for Sinclair. In the president's car Bucks and McCloud, after a late dinner, were folded by Whisper ing Smith, and the president heard the first connected story of the events of the fortnight that had passed. Bucks made no comment until he had heard everything. "And they rode Sinclair's horses," he said in conclusion.

"Sinclair's horses," returned Whispering Smith, "and they are all acounted for. One horse supplied by Rebstock was shot where they crossed Stampede creek. It had given out and they had a fresh horse in the willows, for they shot the scrub half a mile up ne of the canyons near the crossing. The magples attracted my attention o it. A piece of skin a foot square bad been cut out of the flank."

"You got there before the birds." "It was about an even thing," said Smith. "Anyway, we were there in ime to see the horse."

"And Sinclair was away from the ranch from Saturday noon till Sunday

"A rancher living over on Stampede creek saw the five men when fellow was scared and lied to me experience?" about it, but he told Wickwire who they were.

"Now, who is Wickwire?" asked Bucks.

"You ought to remember Wickwire. George," remarked Whispering Smith. turning to McCloud, "You haven't forgotten the Smoky creek wreck? Do you remember the tramp who had his legs crushed and lay in the sun all morning? You put him in your car and sent him down here to the railroad hospital and Barnhardt took care of him. That was Wickwire. Not a bad fellow, either; he can talk pretty traight and shoot pretty straight How do I know? Because he has told me the story and I've seen him shoot. There, you see, is one friend that you never reckoned on. He used to be a cowboy, and I got him a job working lome dance, in these times is of cours for Sinclair on the Frenchman; he preposterous. The embarrassment has worked at Dunning's and other places on the Crawling Stone. He hates Sinclair with a deadly hatred for some reason. Just lately Wick. didn't blush wire set up for himself on Little Crawling Stone.

"I have noticed that fellow's ranch,"

remarked McCloud. "I couldn't leave him at Sinclair's," continued Whispering Smith, frankly. The fellow was on my mind all the time. I felt certain he would kill Sinclair or get killed if he stayed there. And then, when I took him away they sprang Tower W on me! That is the price, not of having a conscience, for I haven't any, but of listening to the voice that echoes where my conscience used to be," said the railroad man, moving uneasily in his chair. Bucks broke the ash from his cigar into the tray on the table. "You are estless to-night, Gordon-and it isn't like you, either."

"It is in the air. There has been a dead calm for two days. Something is due to happen to-night. I wish I could hear from Banks; he started with the papers for Sinclair's yesterday while I went to Oroville to sweat Karg. Blood-polsoning has set in and it is rather important to us to get a confession. There's a horse!" He stepped to the window. "Coming fast,

too. Now, I wonder-no, he's gone Five minutes later a messenger came to the car from the Wickiup with word that Kennedy was looking for Whispering Smith, Bucks, McCloud and Smith left the car together and walked up to McCloud's office.

Kennedy, sitting on the edge of the table, was tapping his leg nervously with a ruler. "Bad news, Gordon." "Not from Ed Banks?"

"Sinclair got him this morning."

"Banks and I picked up Wickwire on the Crawling Stone early, and we rode over to the Frenchman. Wickwire said Sinclair had been up at Williams Cache the day before, and he didn't think he was home. Of course I knew the Cache was watched and he wouldn't be there long, so Ed asked me to stay in the cottonwoods and watch the creek for him. He and Wickwire couldn't find anybody home when they got to the ranchhouse and

barn and hit Wickwire in the arm be fore they saw him. Banks turned and opened on him, and Wickwire ducked for the creek. Sinclair put a soft bul let through Banks' shoulder-tore it pretty bad, Gordon-and made his get away before Wickwire and I could reach the barn again. I got Ed on his horse and back to Wickwire's, and we sent one of the boys to Orovifle for a doctor. After Banks fell out of the saddle and was helpless Sinclair talked to him before I came up. You ough to have kept out of this, Ed,' he said This is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the head of their own gan,

"Naming me." "Banks says: 'Tm sheriff of this county, and will be a long time yet! I took the papers from his breast pocket," continued Kennedy. "You can see where he was hit." Kenned; laid the sheriff's packet on the table Bucks drew his chair forward and with his cigar between his fingers picked the packet up and opened is Kennedy went on: "Ed told Sinclain if he couldn't land him himself that he knew a man who could and would before he was a week older. He mean you, Gordon, and the last thing Ed told me was that he wanted you to

A silence fell on the company. One of the documents passing under Bucks hand caught his eye and he opened i It was the warrant for Sinclair. He read it without comment, folded it and, looking at Whispering Smith pushed it toward him. "Then this, I guess, Gordon, belongs to you. Starting from a reverie, Whispering Smith reached for the warrant. looked for a moment at the blood stained caption. "Yes," he said, "this guess, belongs to me.'

(To Be Continued.)

SUFFERING.

Release my hands she said to him As they stood in the entry way: It was night, dark night where he stood

But he wouldn't, alas! alack! "Well, if you won't," shricked the maid

Depew Inherits Talkativeness. "My father," said Chauncey M. De pew, "was a frugal and saving man He never approved of the waste of

"One night he went to a prayer meeting. The brethren were back ward. After a wait of a quarter of an hour my father rose and said: 'I is a shame to waste all this valuable hey crossed Saturday afternoon. The time. Will not some brother tell his

> "No one rose and my father con tinued: 'Will some one lead us in prayer?

There was no response to this ap seal and my father said: 'In that ase I will improve the time by mak ng a few observations on the tariff." New York Sun.

One of the humorous passages in lark Twain's "A Connecticut Yan kee at King Arthur's Court," relate how a party of travelers, composed o ladies and gentlemen, were telling mule blushing atanything, even the Sa those early mules was a fitting rebuke to the ladies abourd the mules, for

He's Famous Now.

"Right you are. There is the case of that Ohio man who traded his wife for a keg of beer."

FOR HIS SAKE.



"He basn't enough sense to get in out of the rain. "Is that why his wife is so anxious to move to Arizona?"

Whispering Smith sat down. "Go to-date newspaper, subscribe for the PLANET.

MAKES

KINKY

HAIR

SOFT

REMOVES

MINDOUR

KEEPS

HAIR

FROM

BREAKING

OFF

after me?"—naming you." nodded toward Whispering Smith

serve the papers on Sinclair."

with her.

And nothing the youth did say:
And "Release my hands" she said again.
But he would not let them go:
And he said things in her seashell ear
In a throbful voice and low:
"Oh, release my hands" screamed the
maid to him
But he would's size of the seashell ear
But he would's size of the seashell ear

Then, darn it all! scratch my back!"

anything, including time.

Embarrassed Mules.

"Some people work years in vain to become famous and others win fame in a single day."



"A woman's as old as she looks,"
This saying we don't doubt—
As old as she looks; that is, Before she is dressed to go out!

When in need of a good, live, up

when they got to the ranchhouse and they rode down the corral together to look over the horses."

Whispering Smith's hand fell helplessly on the table. "Rode down together! For God's sake, why didn't one of them stay at the house?"

"Sinclair rode out from behind the "Sinclair rode out from behind the "Daily Roce Sun. C. Forge. 5:55 P.—Week days. Local to Gordonaville.

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Through—7:30 A. M., 5:50 P. M.

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A WOMAN'S JUST PRIDE IS HER TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THAT KINKY, CURLY HAIR, PUTTING IT IN THE MOST PERFECT

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C. S. CAMPBELL, D. P. A.

AIR LINE RAILWAY

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS SCHEDULED TO LEAVE RICHMOND DAHLY.

9:10 A. M.—Local to Norlina, Raleigh, Charlotte, Wilmington.

13:25 P. M.—Sleepers and coaches, Affants, Savannah, Jacksonville and Florida points.

13:45 P. M.—Sleepers and coaches Savannah, Jacksonville, Atlants, Sircal Savannah, Jacksonville, Atlants, Sircal Savannah, Jacksonville, Atlants, Sircal Savannah, Renphis.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS SCHEDULED TO AERIVE RICHMSOND DAILY.

5:20 A. M., 5:05 P. M., 5:25 P. M.

b #1 1920m

Southern Ry

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND.

N. B.—Following schedule figures published only as information and are not guaranteed:
6:20 A. M.—Daily—Local for Charlotte.
10:43 A. M.—Daily—Limited—Buffet Broiler to Atlanta and Birmingham, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, and all the South, Through coach for Chase City, Oxford, Durham.

Through coach for Chase City, Oxford, Durham.

6:00 P. M.—Ex. Sunday—Keywille Local.

11-15 P. M.—Daily—Limited Pullman ready 9:36
P. M. for all the South.

YORK RIVER LINE.

4:30 P. M.—Ex. Sunday—To West Point—connecting for Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Friday—Local to West Point.

2:15 P. M.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—Local to West Point. Local to West Point.

4:30 A. M.—Ex. Sunday-Local to West Point.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

From the South: 7:00 A. M., 9:30 P. M., daily (Express). S:40 A. M., Ex. Sunday: 4:10 P. M., daily al).
a West Point: 9:39 A. M., daily: 10:65 A.
Wednesday and Friday; 5:45 P. M., except

S. E. BURGESS, D. P. A., 920 E. Main St., 'Phone 455.

P. M.
For Lynchburg and the West-0:00 A. M., 12:10
P. M., 9:06 P. M.
ARRIVE RICHMOND.
From Norfolk-11:45 A. M., 6:50 P. M.
From the West-7:00 A. M., 2:66 P. M., 5:15
From the West-7:00 A. M., 2:66 P. M., 5:15 the most reliable furniture house in the city and see the fine line of

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